563 can they buy it. I took a photograph of the market
427 site.

764 Then we went to pekoeboeran, the cemetery, or at least
565 to one of them. There we noted one large cement Chinese grave, and numerous native graves. I again took a photograph. Saleh said that both men and women have two grave stones or wooden posts. Most of those I saw were low and small. Names and dates are carved on them, but are almost not readable. It is almost pathetic, as was the site of a bier with painting and the undertaker's name (I suppose) on the cloths around it. It was standing outside next to the house near Saleh's. Here, an old man of about ninety died last night and he is to be buried today. I was told that although these grave stones are low (orang hamba) [literally "slaves"], nobles have high ones.

472 Then we went to Liyu's other factory which is a com-
339 bination of brick and tile manufacturing. I took a photograph there. He is a rather remarkable person. Together his factories use eighty men.

326 Then we went to see the blacksmith shop. The smith is
463 an old man and they say that formerly he had a double
178 piston bellows, of the old style, such as is now found in the
782 Buginese country. Now, however, he uses a Makassar-
412 made single cylinder, double-action bellows, which is very effective. I asked Saleh if the smith employs special prayers, etc. He said that maybe the old man did, but that the young ones do not. He also said that usually here at least one son follows his father's trade. However, many young smiths now go to work in Makassar rather than work in the shop found in their own kampong.

Then we went to another smith's not far off. This belonged to the son of the old man. We saw a parang [large knife] and a right angle scythe in rough form. The bellows really worked. Then we went to the carpenter shop. Here
[322] everything is made, including wheels. The carpenter is a student of the old bearded fellow.

164 Finally we went back to the house stopping first at the
743 leper asylum of Makassar which is in the kampong. (See map)
758 [Lost] The leper asylum is run by a stocky, tough, Swiss Salvation Army nurse. The government built the asylum and supports it. It is very clean and impressive. Unless the lepers are in very bad shape, they live in bungalows. These dwelling places are much better than native houses. There are many children. The Swiss nurse said that the children especially get leprosy, and that when children are born in the colony they are taken from the parents who

generally agree in this matter. She said that there could not have been a law compelling colonization as there is not enough room to care for all the lepers here, who number in the thousands (though India and Africa are worse off). So, many lepers are still at large. Generally, those who enter are those who either fear infection spreading to their relatives, or those whose relatives won't have them around, or those whom the kampong compels to leave their local community. But they have a happy life in a way, and this impresses the native mind, because they get free and good food, good houses, etc. The nurse said that there is some trouble in getting them to work as they will not do so unless they have to. Nevertheless, they do all the work needed and the place is well cared for, in fact, spotless. She said that psychologically there was little trouble with the native lepers but that Europeans almost went crazy. I saw only one Eurasian little girl. They weave their own clothes. I saw a backbar loom here [in the leper asylum at Bolombaru--Analyst] and another in the old man's house. All girls can weave, and practically all sarongs are homemade. I saw some beauties. And now I know how the weaving is done. The colors are really amazing. They weave a long narrow strip, perhaps thirty inches, and cut and sew to make a sarong. This takes from three to seven days. One military doctor comes here three times a week. The rest of the work is done entirely by the patients. The nurse said she liked her work and seemed to be in excellent spirits. I told her that I would give them old detective books. An old man [a patient in the leper asylum, Balombaru--Analyst] (photograph) said that he had formerly been captain of a prau. He had made a fine model of one like his for his son, and was quite proud to show it off. He said that he had sailed wherever there was trade, and that formerly he might be away from three to four years. He said that he had gone to Surabaja, Cheribon, Semarang, Batavia, Padang, Singapore, Siam, Penang, and even China. He had once had a chance to go to the United States (how?) but did not go. He showed me a picture of himself when he was in Java in the old days. It showed him, his former wife, and another couple. All were wearing horn rimmed glasses (property of the photographer?). He was dressed in a dark coat, wide "slicker" pants of the twenties and a necktie. He was not at all hesitant about talking of his former wife. He said that this one was still in Java with one child. He said he had only one male child by his present wife, but that he had many other children by others. He even seems uncertain as to how many wives, exactly, he has had. There

164 743 758 [753] [461] [286] 159